FAN GRAPHIX

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SUBSCRIPTIONS: FanGraphiX annual subscriptions are available for $15.00 postage-paid in the U.S. and $18.00 elsewhere. Send checks or money orders to: FanGraphiX, P.O. Box 8042, Chicago, IL 60680-8042.

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EDITORIAL

Have you noticed our new format? Well, if your eyes are new to this fanzine then you wouldn't know that our last issue was an 8½ x 11 magazine format that sold for $2.95.

Why the change?

Fandom consists of very many talented writers and artists—all of which are into the *comic* book, in one form or another, whether it be a serious collector or an occasional entertainment form of science-fiction.

FanGraphiX will stay with its original concept of being the fan's fanzine. (Most of our contributions are comic art), just a little smaller in size with a *lower price!* (How many fanzines have done *that* for *you* lately?)

The subtitle: "Science-fiction, fantasy, stories, articles, strips, humor," will be changed to "Fandom's Creative Outlet" thanks to a very good suggestion from Doug Ott. This way not one particular area will have any emphasis. Creativity unleashed!

As you look through this issue you'll notice a lot of talented people who have contributed their work for exposure. If you happen to be a professional who noticed an individual medium or style in this or future issues and wish to contact that person, just drop the Editor or Art Director a line here at FanGraphiX—we'll love to get you together!

Meanwhile enjoy the *beginning* of our *color* explosion!

FanGraphiX
P.O. Box 8042
Chicago, IL 60680-8042

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STAFF

Tony Caputo
Art Director
Distribution Manager
Editor n' Chief

Nanette Injeski
Co-Editor

Marc Hansen
Associate Production Coordinator

Jim Caputo
Ralph Brunke
Photographers

Typesetting
the typographers

Cover Laminating
SLAM LAM

Writing Contributors
Ruben-George Toyos
Tom Opferman
Thom Merrissey
Bob Scism Jr.
Jim Caputo
Steve Saffel
James Louis
Doug Ott

Story Contributors
Jeff Scheidel
Vic Hunt
Jim Caputo
Dirk Seathe
Unknown Author

Art Contributors
Kevin Frank
Tom Opferman
Rick Mrozek
Jim McGreal
Tony Caputo
Mike Lynch
Allen Curtis
Doug Ott
Russell Miller
Mark Hansen
Peter Schmitt
Robbie Racine
Barry Peterson
Dennis Stahl

SPECIAL THANKS TO:
Ben Spinelli
Anne Blair
Nanette Inje
Walter Injeski
Ron Warzak
Barry Peterson
Marc Hansen
Allen Curtis

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FanGraphiX
P.O. Box 8042
Chicago, IL 60680

Dear FanGraphiX,

"…Your cover of Number Two was Fantastic, I've rarely seen such detailed airbrush work. I hope you continue having such eye-popping covers!"

Ralph Thrall
Jackson, MN

Thanks for the kind words—and you can bet on some very "eye-popping" covers in the future! And for those of you who missed our dynamic last issue—copies are still available at $2.95.

Dear FanGraphiX Editor,

"…I had to write just to say that I got a big kick from your 'Unknown Author' story 'KILLER.' Whoever the *real* writer is he must be as amusingly warped as I am…"

Unknown Reader
LA., CA

Thanks for writing U.R., we've gotten very good response from fans on the Unknown Author's work.

Dear FanGraphiX,

"…I am interested in contributing to your magazine, but I have a question about your line?…Contents may *not* be reproduced at all without written permission by publisher…" Does this mean that the artist and/or writer then loses the rights of the material?"

Mark Snyder
CA

I'm glad you brought this matter up, Mark. FanGraphix only has copyrights to protect itself as well as the contributors! We at FanGraphix are not in the business to steal creativity, we're in business to publish it! All original contributions, art or writing, will stay the property of the creator. Forever. Period.

Dear FanGraphiX Folks:

"…On a more personal note, I think it is a very noble thing that you are doing with this publication. Believe me when I say that I sincerely hope that this project will far exceed your greatest expectations. We need more people like you in this business…"

Russell Miller
Prescott, AZ

Thank you very much for your letter, Russell, we at FanGraphiX greatly appreciate it. We ARE VERY SERIOUS in becoming "fandom's creative outlet" and we're fighting hard for that recognition.

FanGraphiX Editor,

"Congratulations on a great looking fanzine! I picked up your second issue at Pittsburgh's Phantom of the Attic comic shop. I was impressed by the striking cover portrait, the large-size format, and the interior layouts. And next issue you'll have color pages!

Recently, I worked as the Newsletter Coordinator for the Pittsburgh Filmmakers media arts center's bi-monthly newsletter. I wrote articles, edited copy, formatted text and headlines via computer, and designed the page layout. I can begin to appreciate the hard work that you have put into FanGraphiX. Commendations to Tony Caputo and everyone who has worked on the book."

Douglas A. Ott
Pgh. PA

We, at FanGraphiX greatly appreciate you taking the time to write Doug. And thanks for your suggestion in using Fandom's Creative Outlet, it was a very worthy idea!

Dear FanGraphiX,

"…and wow! 80 lb. enamel coated *varnished* covers! *Very* impressive guys—I can't wait to see your color pages…!"

Ken Henriches
Kansas City, KS

Fandom's Creative Outlet is full of talented creators—who shouldn't have anything less than a flashy fanzine to show as a sample of published work. Thank you for your letter Ken.

MR. V's Hit List

The following movies are available on video, both in VHS and Beta for rental or purchase. Many of these movies are also being shown at a local variety theatre and on pay TV. Wherever you find the chance, to see these movies, remember, they're on Mr. V's Hit List!

© 1985 STAR TREK

ILLUSTRATION BY PETER SCHMITT

STAR TREK/TAPE ONE
MENAGERIE PARTS 1 & 2
William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, Susan Oliver, Jeffrey Hunter

STAR TREK/TAPE TWO
AMOK TIME/JOURNEY TO BABEL

STAR TREK/TAPE THREE
MIRROR, MIRROR/THE THOLIAN WEB

THE NIGHT STALKER
1971
Darren McGavin, Carrol Lynley

A reporter is assigned to some strange murders and discovers something supernatural about the murderer.

PLANET OF THE APES
1968
Charlton Heston, Roddy McDowell

A classic co-written by Rod Serling about travels to an ape-controlled future. One of the best SF Movies on record.

WAVELENGTH
1983
Robert Carradine, Cherie Currie

An underrated movie. Good sound track, script, plot and special effects. A young girl "hears" something from an abandoned military base. Her boyfriend doesn't. They go to investigate, and as the saying goes; "their lives will never be the same!"

ROSEMARY'S BABY
1968
Mia Farrow, John Cassavettes, Ruth Gordon

One of the best horror movies ever made. A young woman becomes victim of her ambitious husband and the Devil!

FORBIDDEN PLANET
1956
Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis, Leslie Nielson

The SF version of Shakespeare's "Tempest." A Classic.

DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS
1963
Howard Keel, Nicole Maurey

Meteors created giant triffids that slowly take over the world! Do they succeed?

HALLOWEEN
1978
Jamie Lee Curtis, Nancy Loomis, Donald Pleasance
Directed by John Carpenter

The original, which concentrated on horror more than gore.

bag people
Typical Specimen of a City Dwelling Humanoid
HABITAT: DOORWAYS, ALLEYS, PARKS, SIDEWALKS, AND CARDBOARD BOXES.
HISTORY: VETERAN OF ASYLUMS, INSTITUTIONS, AND PRISONS.
CHARACTERISTICS: SLOW MIGRATION FROM ONE REFUSE CONTAINER TO ANOTHER, TO SORT AND/OR CONFISCATE ITS CONTENTS. WILD AND INSANE BABBLINGS FOR NO APPARENT REASON. CONSTANT SCRATCHING OF ENTIRE BODY. DROOLING.
GENERAL APPEARANCE: SOILED GARMENTS ACQUIRED FROM DECEASED COMRADES. DIET OF SEVERAL LAYERS ON SKIN WHICH IS THOUGHT ABHORRENT BY PEOPLE TO KEEP THEM WARMER. FAMILY OF RATS LIVING IN HAIR. FEW TEETH, BASICALLY IN A SEVERE STATE OF UNKEPT.
FAVORITE PHRASES: "CAN I HAVE SOME MONEY FOR THE BUS, I'VE FORGOTTEN WHERE I PARKED MY MERCEDES." "SMILE, YOU COULD BE LIKE ME." "CAN I COME HOME WITH YOU." "MMMMK GZNGGGRROOOGZ!"
FAVORITE FOODS: PIGEONS, CANDY WRAPPERS, USED GUM, AND SOUP KITCHEN HAND OUTS.
FAVORITE SONGS: "ANY WAY" "PICK UP YOUR TROUBLES" "I'VE GOT TO BE ME." "I WRITE THE SONGS."
HOBBIES: BEGGING, MUMBLING TO SELF, SCUFFING FEET WHILE WALKING, WINE TASTING PARTIES, AND GARBAGE CAN TUNNELLING CONTESTS.
BOB HANSEN

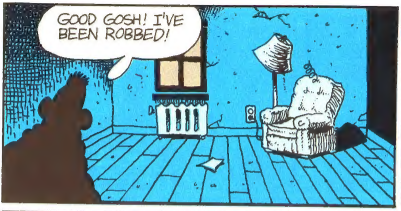
LIONHART

by barry daniel petersen

What this mag needs is more scantily dressed women-folk!
Goes without sayin' buddy!
Goes Without Sayin'
Finish

Issue after next
LIONHART
returns in vivid black&white!
Vivid black and white?

©85 Marc Hansen


GOOD GOSH! I'VE BEEN ROBBED!

AT LEAST THEY LEFT MY CHAIR, LIGHT AND NEWS-PAPER!

OH!
WAR

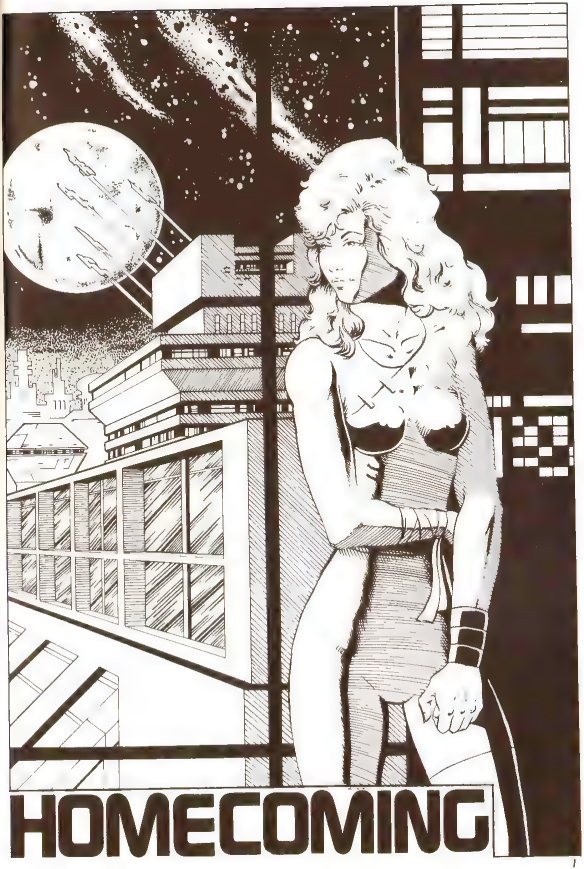
HEH! HEH!
FAMINE
RIOTS

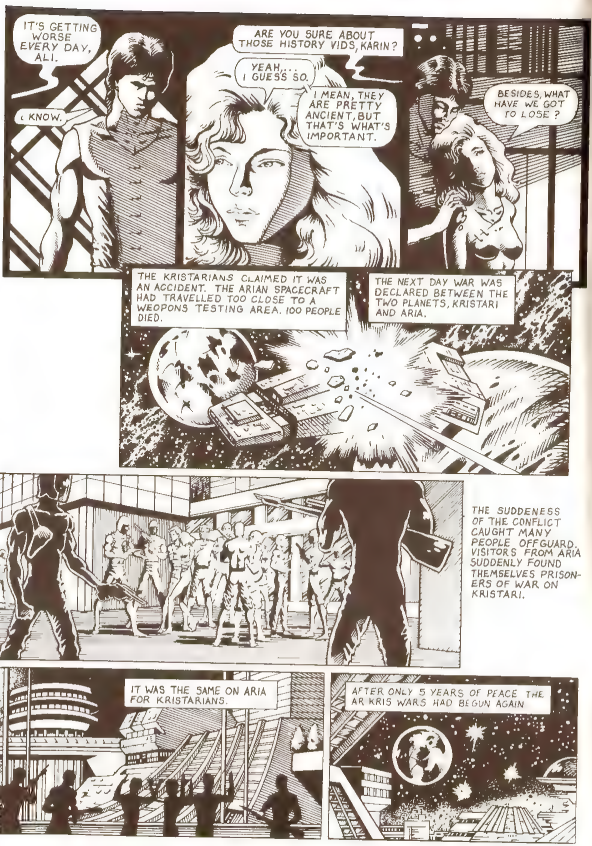
HEE! HEE! HEE!
TAXES INCREAS
MASS MURDER

IT WAS SUCH A GOOD DAY, I HAD A MUCH NEEDED MENTAL RELAPS!
EEK!
OOK!
ATBM

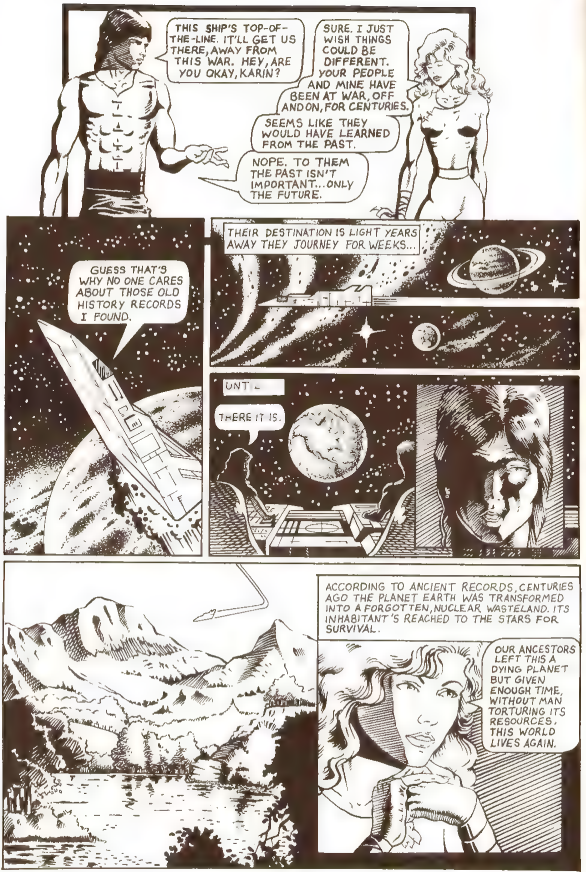
NOW I'M LOCKED UP IN AN ASYLUM WHERE I SIT LIKE A VEGETABLE ALL DAY! MY MIND IS ACTIVE, THOUGH, BECAUSE I LIVE IN A FANTASY OTHERWORLD.
I'M FINALLY VERY HAPPY BECAUSE I'VE COMPLETELY ESCAPED FROM REALITY FOREVER! 'SO LONG, SUCKERS!

MY OTHERWORLD IS A WONDERFUL PLACE!
STAY TUNED FOR ADVENTURES WITH RALPH SNARF IN FANTASY!
END


HOMECOMING


IT'S GETTING WORSE EVERY DAY, ALI.
I KNOW.
ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THOSE HISTORY VIDS, KARIN?
YEAH... I GUESS SO.
I MEAN, THEY ARE PRETTY ANCIENT, BUT THAT'S WHAT'S IMPORTANT.
BESIDES, WHAT HAVE WE GOT TO LOSE?
THE KRISTARIANS CLAIMED IT WAS AN ACCIDENT. THE ARIAN SPACECRAFT HAD TRAVELLED TOO CLOSE TO A WEAPONS TESTING AREA. 100 PEOPLE DIED.
THE NEXT DAY WAR WAS DECLARED BETWEEN THE TWO PLANETS, KRISTARI AND ARIA.
THE SUDDENESS OF THE CONFLICT CAUGHT MANY PEOPLE OFFGUARD. VISITORS FROM ARIA SUDDENLY FOUND THEMSELVES PRISONERS OF WAR ON KRISTARI.
IT WAS THE SAME ON ARIA FOR KRISTARIANS.
AFTER ONLY 5 YEARS OF PEACE THE AR-KRIS WARS HAD BEGUN AGAIN.

MIDNIGHT ON KRISTARI, A SMALL, LITTLE-USED SPACEPORT...
LET'S DO IT.
HEY.
WHA.
BLOW HER AWAY!
IT'S DONE.


THIS SHIP'S TOP-OF-THE-LINE. IT'LL GET US THERE, AWAY FROM THIS WAR. HEY, ARE YOU OKAY, KARIN?
SURE. I JUST WISH THINGS COULD BE DIFFERENT. YOUR PEOPLE AND MINE HAVE BEEN AT WAR, OFF AND ON, FOR CENTURIES.
SEEMS LIKE THEY WOULD HAVE LEARNED FROM THE PAST.
NOPE. TO THEM THE PAST ISN'T IMPORTANT...ONLY THE FUTURE.
GUESS THAT'S WHY NO ONE CARES ABOUT THOSE OLD HISTORY RECORDS I FOUND.
THEIR DESTINATION IS LIGHT YEARS AWAY THEY JOURNEY FOR WEEKS...
UNTIL
THERE IT IS.
ACCORDING TO ANCIENT RECORDS, CENTURIES AGO THE PLANET EARTH WAS TRANSFORMED INTO A FORGOTTEN, NUCLEAR WASTELAND. ITS INHABITANT'S REACHED TO THE STARS FOR SURVIVAL.
OUR ANCESTORS LEFT THIS A DYING PLANET BUT GIVEN ENOUGH TIME, WITHOUT MAN TORTURING ITS RESOURCES, THIS WORLD LIVES AGAIN.

REVENGE

by Dirk Seathe

"Ah voonderful sight, is it not?" asked an old squeaky voice, with a hard German accent.

Bill Mermark turned and watched as the old man walked up toward him. When the old man reached the ship's rail, he leaned upon it, as if mimicking Mermark.

He turned back and looked out at the horizon of the New York City skyline, with the towering Statue of Liberty in front standing proudly, almost welcoming him back with her mighty torch

"It is . . ." Mermark finally replied, closing his eyes as the sudden icy cold wind blew into his face, and messing his long blond hair.

"Iz it alwayz diz cold in your country?" the old man asked, trying to start a conversation.

"No. . . ," Mermark said with a grin, ". . . only in winter."

There was a long moment of silence. Mermark turned slowly and looked at the man, his hair was silvery white and cut short as was his beard. He almost looked familiar, but his memory couldn't place him.

". . . Are you German? . . ." he asked, not wanting to sound stupid.

The old man grinned, his face wrinkled like a piece of old leather. He looked very old and worn

". . . Yes . . . I believe, I am a German, . . ." the old man replied, " yes. . . "

The old man seemed in deep thought, his eyes narrowed by the cold wind, staring into New York City.

"That's an old German accent, . . . my Father had one like it . . ."

The old man turned surprised. "You are also German?" he asked, "And also your father?"

"He was . . . before he got in front of an American bullet . . now he isn't German . . . just dead."

Mermark turned and again looked out toward New York City.

"I-I . . ." the old man's face showed an expression of guilt, . . ". . . I am sorry . . . I did - - "

"Don't worry about it, it wasn't your fault . . ."

The old man's jaw muscles tightened, as he closed his eyes tightly.

"It was the fault of Facism . . . Hey, what is it?" Mermark asked as he turned and noticed the old man almost crying. "You're not going to have a heart attack on me, are ya?"

The old man looked up at the sea, then slowly turned toward Mermark.

"No, my friend . . . just my age is catching up with me," he said with a wry smile.

"Just how old are ya?" Mermark asked, curiously.

"Years and years . . I've lived for many . . . many years . ." the old man replied, again he seemed in deep thought.

"How many is "many years?"

" . . . 102, my friend . . ."

Mermark stared at him wide-eyed with amazement. One hundred and two years was over a century, he thought!

"Bullsh#t!" Mermark mumbled.

The old man heard Mermark's remark, but ignored it for a moment of silence

" . . . I have no need to lie to a stranger, my friend . . . For a man with a destiny, . . . a destination; aging is nothing"

Mermark snickered

"You mentioned your father was killed by an American bullet?" the old man asked, curiously, "Was he a Nazi?"

Mermark almost growled. ". . . yeah, he was, but that ain't nothing . . . my mother was a Jew"

The old man stared at Mermark's handsome profile wide-eyed in disbelief, Mermark clearly heard his gasp.

" . . . And what happened to your mother?"

"Our neighbor killed her; he was a Gestopo agent," he said, bluntly. "He said it was a sin against the Third Reich"

Neither one of them said a word, as they both watched New York harbor coming closer.

"Damn Hitler. . . ." Mermark mumbled through his grinning teeth.

"What - ?" the old man said, surprised at the sudden remark.

Mermark turned and glared at the old man

"I said; damn Hitler - damn dictatorship - damn the Great Depression - damn the whole world for letting World War Two happen!" he growled angrily.

"My friend . . Vorld Var Two has been over for over forty years - and Hitler is dead. . ."

"Supposedly, dead."

The old man blinked in surprise "Vhat do you mean?"

continued on pg. 31

HOLIDAY OUT

Enjoy Poto? Try Cryptoc Magazine At $1.00 A Copy From HOLIDAY OUT, P.O. BOX 1427 SEMINOLE, OKLAHOMA, 74868!!

YOU'RE "DEAR" IN THE NEWSPAPERS?
MUMMY
LISTEN TO THIS ONE!
I'M A 14 YEAR OLD GIRL IN LOVE WITH A BOY. HE'S GORGEOUS, KIND, SWEET AND FUN
"I WANT TO GET CLOSE, BUT I CAN'T. EVER GET HIM ALONE"
Take him to alone shark

"Morons with a Camera"

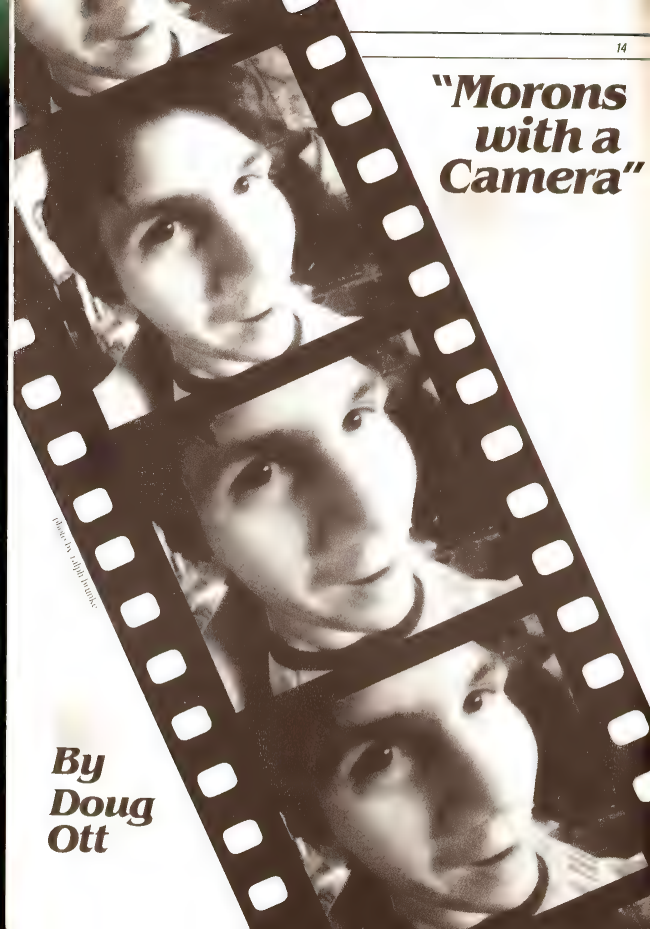


Photo courtesy Fujifilm Australia

By Doug Ott

SOMETHING DIFFERENT

Short film idea Morons With a Camera

Super-8, Sound Edited, Backwound super-impositions

Prologue.

Fade into a close-up shot of a page of text in a magazine It is an article written by Stephen King that I read somewhere, maybe in *Playboy*, *TV Guide* or *Danse Macabre*

Super-impose fade-in a colored border that covers most of the text and highlights a one-sentence quotation

The line reads
The difference between a film like Texas Chainsaw Massacre and a film like The Ghastly Ones is that Chainsaw Massacre is the work of an artist and The Ghastly Ones is the work of morons with a camera

Super-impose fade-in a title line below the highlighted quotation —Stephen King

Fade-out

Fade-in to title card that reads
Morons With a Camera

Super-impose fade-in a line below the title
Dedicated to Stephen King

Fade out

The Film

Fade-in to Stephen King's office/study

(On the soundtrack, King recites out loud a horror story as he writes it.) Slow pan shot of the horror paraphenalia that decorates King's walls and shelves Monster masks, horror movie posters, magazine stories of horror movies and filmmakers, bloodied knife rifle, a framed plaque/certificate that reads Most Popular Author, Stephen King

Cut to hands typing at a word processor Zoom in on the computer screen, allowing the viewer to read the story King is writing

Cut to a pan shot of King's novels on his book-shelf Hold and zoom-in on the back cover of one novel that shows a photograph of the author (our actor as Stephen King, --with a beard?)

Cut to our actor as Stephen King (without a beard), typing his story into the word processor and acting out the parts of the story

King recites the story out loud to himself as he writes it and comments on the story ('we're getting to the goosny part') The prose our actor recites should sound like a typical Stephen King story and the scene we'll show concerns a young lady encountering a ghoul or zombie

King's narration describes the girl's first sight of the ghoul and her scream King describes what the ghoul looks like while acting out the facial expression and gestures of the ghoul King even types in a clawed stiff-fingered manner the way a ghoul might

Cut from King's imitation of a ghoul's facial expression to the scene in the story King is writing, to the ghoul's monstrous face

The ghoul opens his mouth and it's disgusting in there (maybe something live crawls out)

Cut to a close-up of the young lady being menaced by the ghoul She screams, acts terrified

Cut to an establishing aerial shot showing the ghoul standing over the girl who is laying on the ground

Cut to a shot of the girl's lower torso A wet spot grows on her blue jeans as she urinates out of terror

Cut to the ghoul who laughs at her

Cut to King acting as the ghoul who says You're all wet, my dear King narrates the story as he types it

Cut to the girl cowering from the ghoul's clammering touch As the ghoul looms over the girl she tries to push it away from her, but her hand slides inside the ghoul's guts Her face registers the horror

Cut to a close-up of the hand in the guts

Cut to the girl screaming

Cut to the ghoul looking down bemusedly at her hand in his guts

Cut to scream

Cut to hand in guts

Cut to girl who struggles and finally pulls her hand out She scrambles a few feet away

Cut to the ghoul who puts his own hand inside his chest and pulls out his heart He holds his heart out to the girl and says, I'll give my heart to you The girl screams and the ghoul laughs at her

Cut to King as the ghoul laughing King is now standing up in his study and walking through the scene he's imagining King acts out an incredibly violent and horrible murder (force-feeding the ghoul's heart to the girl in order to make her become a ghoul too) King as the ghoul acts as if he is dragging the girl's body away

Cut to the ghoul dragging the girl's body away A telephone rings and the ghoul drops the girl and listens

Cut to King as the ghoul listening to the phone ringing King walks as the ghoul across his study to the phone and answers the phone as Stephen King George Romero called King to talk about their next movie King plugs a videocassette of Dawn of the Dead into the video player while he talks to Romero on the phone

Kings tells Romero he's been working on the screenplay (a light romatic comedy') and then he giggles maniacally as he listens to Romero's gory plans (Yeah I think I can womp something up)

Fade-out as King giggles manically.

Epilogue.

Fade-in to a card that reads

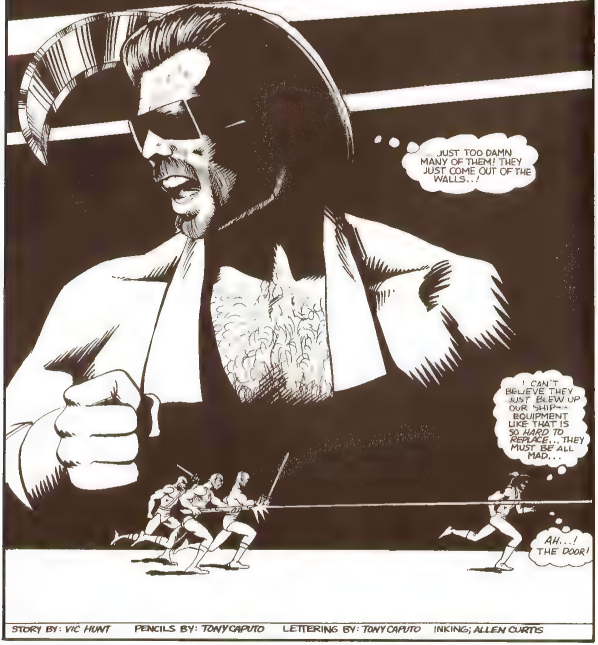
The difference between a horror novel like Shelley's Frankenstein and King's Pet Sematary is that Frankenstein is the work of an artist and Pet Sematary is the work of one sick nombre

Super-impose fade-in a line below the quotation —The Filmmakers

Fade-out

In the future... mankind conquered the stars, as they slowly evolved into a race without greed, anger, jealousy, crime and murder -- the race became peaceful, playful, almost child-like... until the Spinnolians came from the other side of the galaxy. Humankind was then put into chains, they were slaughtered, abused and doomed to extinction. No one knew how to fight the race of monsters from the other side of Paradise. Fighting had been weeded out of Humankind forever. Or so they thought, until three tortured souls, snapped to become the "savages," "freaks," even called mutations by the race they were trying to save, for they knew: these three freaks of the now dead planet of Monkenomium, they know how to save Humankind from total destruction. They joined forces to become... Tomaire, Jex, Loraina... the

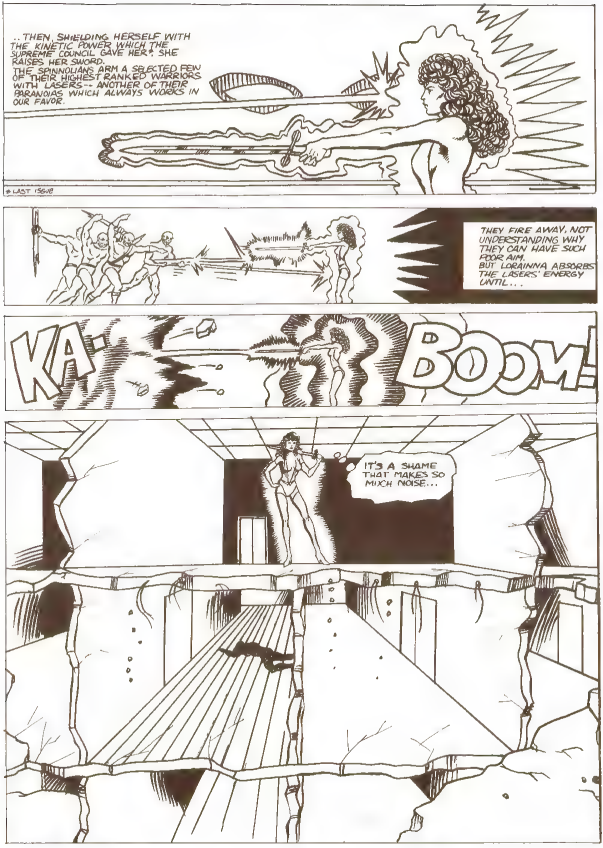
MONKENOMIUM WARRIORS


JUST TOO DAMN MANY OF THEM! THEY JUST COME OUT OF THE WALLS...!
I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY JUST BLEW UP OUR SHIP-- EQUIPMENT LIKE THAT IS SO HARD TO REPLACE... THEY MUST BE ALL MAD...
AH...! THE DOOR!

STORY BY: VIC HUNT PENCILS BY: TONY CAPUTO LETTERING BY: TONY CAPUTO INKING; ALLEN CURTIS

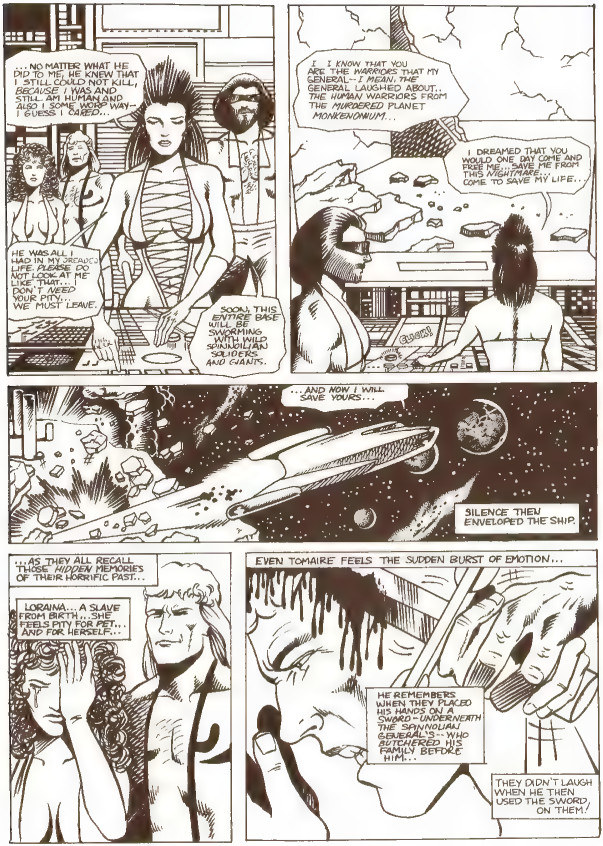
LORAINNA... IF YOU WERE EVER READING THOUGHTS, I HOPE YOU ARE NOW!
LORAINNA, TOMAIRE... LET'S MOVE EVERYBODY OUT OR THERE'S GOING TO BE A NASTY SLAUGHTER...!
.. OH NO...
OUR SHIP IS DESTROYED, AND A COUPLE HUNDRED DAMN SPANNERS COMING THIS WAY...
COUPLE HUNDRED!? DID THEY FIGURE OUT WHO WE ARE?
I SAY WE FALL BACK, AND RUN WITH AS MANY PEOPLE WE CAN CRAM INTO A SHIP...
YOU TWO MOVE ALL THE PEOPLE INTO SAFETY...
I'LL HOLD THEM OFF!
WHAT? YOU!
DON'T ARGUE WITH ME! JUST DO IT... NOW!
SURPRISED AT HER SUDDEN OUTBURST, JEX QUIETLY WALKS AWAY WONDERING IF SHE'S LOST HER MIND...
PLEASE DON'T BE AFRAID... PLEASE STAY CALM... WE MUST LEAVE...
LORAINNA IGNORES JEX'S CONFUSION. SHE NEED'S ALL THE CONCENTRATION SHE CAN POSSIBLY DEMAND FROM HERSELF...
THUMP THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
A SMALL SCOUTING TROOP? CUCK... ARE THE AFRAID OF SOMETHING?
DO THEY KNOW?

ERK--!!
CRACK!
NOK!
BAM!
BAM!
WHAT'S THIS? SHE SENSES.
A LASER SQUADRON!
ZAP
ZAP
SHE DODGES THE BLASTS.


...THEN SHIELDING HERSELF WITH THE KINETIC POWER WHICH THE SUPREME COUNCIL GAVE HER, SHE RAISES HER SWORD.
THE SPINNOLIANS, ARM A SELECTED FEW OF THEIR HIGHEST RANKED WARRIORS WITH LASERS -- ANOTHER OF THEIR PARANOIAS WHICH ALWAYS WORKS IN OUR FAVOR.
© LAST 1984
THEY FIRE AWAY, NOT UNDERSTANDING WHY THEY CAN HAVE SUCH FIRE-ARM, BUT LORAINNA ABSORBS THE LASERS' ENERGY UNTIL...
KA-
BOOM!
IT'S A SHAME THAT MAKES SO MUCH NOISE...

...I'D LOVE TO SHOW THE SPINNO'S WHAT I THINK OF THEIR SLAVE PENS...
...BUT, UNFORTUNATELY BLOWING UP EVERY BASE WE STOPPED WOULD LEAVE A VERY EASY-TO-FOLLOW TRAIL... WHICH WE--
EH?
BEFORE ANY OTHER BEING COULD PHYSICALLY HEAR THE NOISE, LORAINNA NOTICES IT BECAUSE SHE ALSO HEARS WITH HER MIND!
BRR
...THAT... THAT SOUNDS LIKE... AN ENGINE...?
BR R-R-R-RUMMMBBLE
CRASH!!
GREAT MANKENMMM!
MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM
LORAINA? ARE YOU--
TOMAIRE!?
ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?
BELIEVE ME--IT WASN'T MY IDEA.. COME ON!

WHEN THE PILOT SAW THE HOLE, SHE'D SEEN IT AS A QUICK...
...ESCAPE ROUTE!
THRU THE WALLS, TOMAIRE?
...DON'T YOU THINK THAT'S DANGEROUS?
THAT'S WHAT I SAID, BUT SHE TOLD US THAT MOST OF THIS STAR-BASE IS MADE OF FOAM-RUBBER!
FOAM RUBBER!?
DUE TO THEIR METAL SHORTAGE THEY MAKE THEIR SLAVE BASES OUT OF FOAM RUBBER, DISGUISED AS METAL.
HMM... THEY ARE A VERY WASTEFUL RACE!
THE PILOT SAID THAT IT WOULD BE EASIER TO FLY THRU THE BASE...
...RATHER THAN TRY TO GO THRU THE EXIT HATCH WHICH IS ALWAYS HEAVILY GUARDED.
THAT SOUNDS GOOD, BUT I NEVER THOUGHT THE SPINDO'S ALLOWED THEIR WOMEN TO PILOT.
WELL, LORAINA...
HELLO--
EH?
WELCOME TO MY MASTER'S SHIP... I AM CALLED--PET, FOR OBVIOUS REASONS.
...AND NOW, THANKS TO HER HERE, I NOW AM MASTER OF THIS SHIP...
A PLEASURE, SLAVE...!
AS I WAS, POOR GIRL.
WAS A SLAVE LEX FREED ME BY SNAPPING MY GENERAL'S NECK... I AM FREE, FREE!
...HOW DO YOU KNOW HOW TO PILOT SUCH A SHIP...?
YOU ARE JOKING, RIGHT? DO YOU REALIZE HOW MANY SECRETS THAT BASTARD SCREAMED IN THE HEAT OF PASSION...
...LIKE TELLING ME THESE SLAVE BASES ARE MADE OF FOAM RUBBER...
HE TRUSTED HIS LITTLE PET WITH HIS LIFE! HE KNEW I COULD NEVER FIGHT HIM OUT OF FEAR.


...NO MATTER WHAT HE DID TO ME, HE KNEW THAT I STILL COULD NOT KILL, BECAUSE I WAS AND STILL AM HUMAN AND ALSO I SOME WEIRD WAY I GUESS I CARED...
HE WAS ALL I HAD IN MY PREADOLT LIFE. PLEASE DO NOT LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT... DON'T NEED YOUR PITY... WE MUST LEAVE.
SOON THIS ENTIRE BASE WILL BE SWARMING WITH WILD SAINNOLIAN SOLDIERS AND GIANTS.
I... I KNOW THAT YOU ARE THE WARRIORS THAT MY GENERAL - I MEAN, THE GENERAL LAUGHED ABOUT.. THE HUMAN WARRIORS FROM THE MURDERED PLANET MONKENONIUM..
I DREAMED THAT YOU WOULD ONE DAY COME AND FREE ME... SAVE ME FROM THIS NIGHTMARE... COME TO SAVE MY LIFE..
CLUNK!
...AND NOW I WILL SAVE YOURS...
SILENCE THEN ENVELOPED THE SHIP.
...AS THEY ALL RECALL THOSE HIDDEN MEMORIES OF THEIR HORRIFIC PAST...
LORAINA... A SLAVE FROM BIRTH...SHE FEELS PITY FOR HER... AND FOR HERSELF...
EVEN TOMAIRE FEELS THE SUDDEN BURST OF EMOTION...
HE REMEMBERS WHEN THEY PLACED HIS HANDS ON A SWORD - UNDERNEATH THE SAINNOLIAN GENERAL'S - WHO BUTCHERED HIS FAMILY BEFORE HIM...
THEY DIDN'T LAUGH WHEN HE THEN USED THE SWORD ON THEM!

TOMAIRE VOWED NEVER TO TOUCH ANOTHER SWORD AGAIN!
I'VE SHOULD BE OUT OF THE ASTEROID BELT SOON...
NO ONE IS FOLLOWING US...
...AND JEX...UNDERNEATHE HIS CLOTHING, HIS LONG THICK HAIR, HIS BEARDED FACE, AND HIS STRANGE SPECTACLES, IS THE EVIDENCE TO SHOW HIS ONLY COMPANIONS THAT HE IS NOT WHOLE...NOT WHAT THEY BELIEVE HIM TO BE...HE'S AS DIFFERENT FROM THEM, AS THEY ARE TO THE REST OF THE HUMAN RACE.
BECAUSE OF HIS SECRET, JEX DOESN'T FEEL SADNESS FOR BECOMING A KILLER, FOR KILLING THE LIKES OF SPINNO LIANS. HE'S A LITTLE COLDER, BECAUSE OF HIS SECRET...
SNIFF GOOD JOB JEX...
BUT JEX WILL KEEP HIS SECRET TO HIMSELF. THEIR FRIENDSHIP MEANS FAR TOO MUCH TO JEOPARDIZE IT BY SHOWING THEM THE SCARS FROM THE TORTURE, AND THE SCARS FROM THE OPERATIONS. BUT THERE STILL WERE. CERTAIN THINGS THAT COULD NOT BE CHANGED. CERTAIN THINGS THAT STILL MADE HIM HALF-SPINNOLIAN!
AN EXPERIMENT THAT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED. BUT DID. BUT THE SPINNOS HAVE PAID DEARLY FOR TAKING HIS HUMANITY. AND THEY WILL FOREVER.
OH UH...
THE DELAY MONITOR IS REGISTERING AN EXPLOSION! CLOSE ALL YOUR EYES!
WHA--?
TURN THE DAMN THING OFF!!
I--I CAN'T. IT DOESN'T TURN OFF...!
ANOTHER STUPID SPINNO PARANOIA!
THE ASTEROID BASE BLEW UP! THE SHIP MUST HAVE CAUSED A CHAIN REACTION TO THE MAIN REACTOR...! MY HELL HAS BEEN DESTROYED..
I AM TRULY FREE!
NORMALLY SUCH A FEAT WOULD HAVE THE THREE WARRIORS, CELEBRATING AND CHEERING THEIR TREMENDOUS VICTORY

BUT TODAY...
...BUT I WISH WE COULD SAY THAT IT WAS OUR PLEASURE...
THANK YOU, PET, FOR HELPING US SAVE YOU, AS WELL AS THE REST OF THE SLAVES... I'M VERY HAPPY FOR YOU. I KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE OWNED...
... LET'S CHECK ON OUR COUPLE THOUSAND HUNGRY GUESTS...
THE END.

The TEAM
VESPER
She knows the secret of the dividing mark right at the negative universe!
DENIZON
A quiet cat like man who senses the happenings of the future!
DYSPRO
His body is pure Dysprosium which is naturally magnetic!
MYSTIFIER
A mortal who possesses the power of the ancient space gods!
KINESIS
A normal human uses 1/5 of their mind in a life-span — she has 100% of her mind at her control!
SHEEN
She has the power to reflect anything back to its original source!
THE NEW WAVE
The youngest member he controls and rides the radio air waves!

THE STORY SO FAR...

After SHEEN called DYSPRO an alcoholic DYSPRO abruptly leaves a team meeting He then discovers a laughing creature roaming the alleys of the Loop

In throwing the first punch, DYSPRO angers the alien who then blasts him The rest of the Team hears the ear-splitting scream of DYSPRO and takes off after him

When they find him, he's thought dead, because of no heart-beat, but then they discover that DYSPRO no longer has a heart because he's no longer human, and regains consciousness just in time to witness the strange creature returning from the shadows

As the entire team battles the strange being NEW WAVE flies off frightened by the alien only to bump into a spacecraft which popped into his flight path

The spacecraft shoots down a transmat beam which transport all of them (including a curious Chicago Policeman) to the planet Draper, a hot desert planet with three suns

DYSPRO flies off to a distant structure only to be returned bound by 3 unusual beings

"Those Who Skulk and Laugh On Draper"

continued from last issue

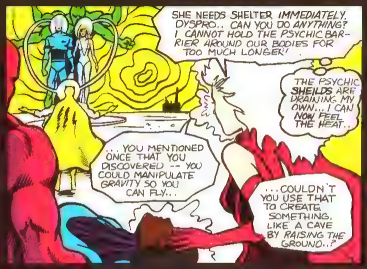
HOLD IT!
I'M NOT A COWARD AND THIS MAY BE MY CHANCE TO PROVE IT--
WHAT!
...THEY ARE NOT HOSTILE-- I SENSE NO EVIL WAVE, SO BACK OFF...
THIS HAS GOTTA BE A MOVIE SET! --HUH?
HER HAND IS GLOWING
NOW... WHAT HAPPENED DYSPRO?
I JUST WENT TO THAT DAMN BUILDING OUT THERE TO FIND SOME HELP--BUT WHEN I GOT TA THE DOOR--
BAM!
THE NEXT THING I KNEW, I WAS HANGING FROM THAT ASSHOLE'S DISC, TIDED LIKE A ROASTING PIG.*

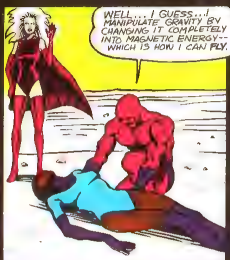
CREATED, STORY, PENCILS, LETTERING: TONY CAPUTO INKING: ALLEN CURTIS

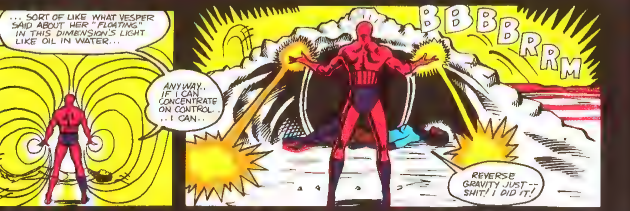
I DON'T BELIEVE IT. THIS WIMPS ACTUALLY HURTS! BUT "HOW?" I DON'T HAVE ANY NERVES, OR SO I THOUGHT... I WONDER IF THIS HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH HOW ALCOHOL STILL EFFECTS ME?
GET THIS GOD-DAMN ROPE OFF-A ME!
KINKERS.. I DON'T SEE KNOTS.
WHAT?!
IT'S FUSED ON HIS WRISTS!
FUSED? A PSYCHIC BOND MAYBE?
WILL SOMEBODY TELL ME IF I'M DREAMIN' OR TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON?
WHAAAAAA--!!
THAT POOR GUY... THIS MUST REALLY BE FREAKIN' HIM--
WHAT THE--?
THE ROPE DISAPPEARED
MUST HAVE BEEN SOME KIND OF MATTER MANIPULATION. HMM.
HOW'S YOUR HANDS?
FINE.
MYSTIFIER! ANY IDEAS ON THEIR LANGUAGE?
HMM-HM.
HOW DID THEY MAKE ME FEEL PAIN? I THOUGHT I WAS PURE DYS-PROIUM! A... PSYCHIC ATTACK?
VESPER ARE--?
I'M FINE!
IT SOUNDS VERY FAMILIAR, BUT I CAN NOT PLACE IT...
WE MUST COMMUNICATE! TELEPATHY? A PSYCHIC LINK?
YES BUT I'M AFRAID THAT YOUR TELEPATHY IS LIMITED TO YOUR HUMAN KNOWLEGDE -- IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT AND SLOW FOR YOU TO UNDERSTAND THEM... / WILL TRY.
REALLY? I WASN'T AWARE OF ANY LIMITATIONS.
BUT I'VE NEVER ENCOUNTERED ALIENS BEFORE...
THE KNOWLEGDE THIS MAN POSSESSES IS INCREDIBLE... AND SPOOKY-- I WONDER WHAT ELSE HE KNOWS ABOUT ME...?
I'VE HAD IT! I MUST BE SLEEPING. IF THIS DOESN'T GET ANY REACTION, THEN I KNOW I'M NUTS!
CLICK

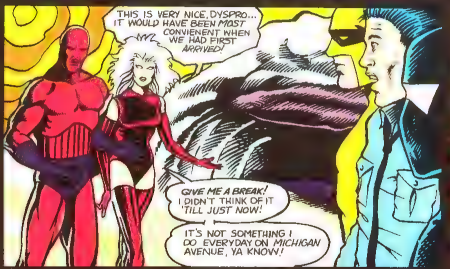
I BETCHA THE REASON IT'S SO HOT, IS CAUSE MY AIR CONDITIONER BROKE AGAIN, AND I'M HAVIN' A RESTLESS NIGHT... YEAH! THAT'S IT! THIS WILL WAKE ME...
BAM!
WHAT THE HELL!
EH? I'M STILL HERE?
DYSPRO'S BODY IS PURE DYSPRONIUM METAL...
...A METAL WHICH IS NATURALLY MAGNETIC..
DAMN FOOL ROOKIE!
WHA-
DID YOU LEARN ANYTHING AT THE POLICE ACADEMY YOU ASSHOLE?!
...IF I WOULD OF SHOT OFF A GUN LIKE THAT WHEN I WAS A COP-- THEY WOULD OF HUNG ME BY THE TOES!
F-FLOATING GUNS? I GOTTA BE CRAZY!..
JUST CONCENTRATE AND HIS GUN GETS CRUSHED TO A POWDER, FROM MAGNETIC PRESSURE!
THIS'LL KEEP YA OUTTA TROUBLE!
EH?
VESPER!

WAVE, DEMIZON. KEEP OUR POLICEMAN OUT OF TROUBLE
SHEEN, KEEP A CLOSE EYE ON MYSTIFIER.
I'LL CHECK ON VESPER!
A-OK.
HOW IS SHE?
DON'T KNOW. I CAN SENSE ALOT OF HEAT RADIATING FROM HER BODY. SHE ALSO SEEMS SHORT OF BREATH
WHAT'S WRONG VESPER? HEAT STROKE?
SHE'S DELIRIOUS.
I SENSE... DRAINAGE SHE'S LOOSING HER PHYSICAL AND MENTAL STRENGTH..
HELP!!!
I CAN SEE THAT- SHERLOCK!
CAN I PUT HER DOWN?
SHHH!
AND HOLD HER STILL!
.I... I NEED.. SHE NEEDS TO GET OUT OF THIS SUNLIGHT!.. THE WHITE LIGHT OF THE THREE SUNS AFFECTS HER MOL-- ECULAR STRUCTURE... IT..
SHE WAS NOT CREATED FOR THIS DIMEN- SIONS LIGHT


SHE NEEDS SHELTER IMMEDIATELY, DYSPRO! CAN YOU DO ANYTHING? I CANNOT HOLD THE PSYCHIC BARRIER AROUND OUR BODIES FOR TOO MUCH LONGER!
THE PSYCHIC SHIELDS ARE DRAINING MY OWN... I CAN NOW FEEL THE HEAT.
...YOU MENTIONED ONCE THAT YOU DISCOVERED -- YOU COULD MANIPULATE GRAVITY SO YOU CAN FLY...
...COULDN'T YOU USE THAT TO CREATE SOMETHING, LIKE A CAVE BY RAISING THE GROUND...?


WELL... I GUESS...I MANIPULATE GRAVITY BY CHANGING IT COMPLETELY INTO MAGNETIC ENERGY-- WHICH IS HOW I CAN FLY.


...SORT OF LIKE WHAT VESPER SAID ABOUT HER "FLOATING" IN THIS DIMENSION'S LIGHT LIKE OIL IN WATER...
ANYWAY. IF I CAN CONCENTRATE ON CONTROL...I CAN...
B B B B B R R M
REVERSE GRAVITY JUST-- SHIT! I DID IT!


THIS IS VERY NICE, DYSPRO... IT WOULD HAVE BEEN MOST CONVENIENT WHEN WE HAD FIRST ARRIVED!
GIVE ME A BREAK! I DIDN'T THINK OF IT 'TILL JUST NOW!
IT'S NOT SOMETHING I DO EVERYDAY ON MICHIGAN AVENUE, YA KNOW!

HEY!
WHAT THE--?

Continued

Revenge!

continued from pg. 13

"We don't know for sure that that body that was burned in his house was really his…the Russians were the first to search the ashes…"

"Ah…he was burned?" the old man asked, dumbfounded.

"Yep…and I hope he's burning right now in hell."

The old man frowned as he watched Mermark turn away coldly, and witnessed the ship beginning to dock.

"…Never have I seen a man with so much hate in his eyes for one man…why?"

"I don't hate him…I despise him… he ruined Germany, the country where I was born and lived for twelve years—him and his warped ideas, killed my mother, my father, and my older brother…while he stood on stages signing autographs."

Mermark was full of raw disgust and hatred, his voice was deep and serious.

"The war is over my friend,… what has been done cannot be changed…" the old man said, almost fumbling for words…"What of Hitler now being mankind's man of evil throughout history. Isn't that enough revenge, against that man's soul?"

"…revenge is very sweet, old man…that's what World War Two was all about; Germany's revenge. And let me tell you if the world ever discovered Hitler alive and well today, he'd be hung on national television…during family hour…" Mermark laughed, as he pictured the scene he just mentioned in his mind. How ridiculous!

The old man stared in shock. "Do you honestly believe that would be possible—the hanging of—"

Mermark laughed again. "No…I'm sorry, we Americans are not that bad. Forgive me for carrying on like that—It's just…well, I loved my parents and—"

"You do not need to explain, my friend—" The old man began, but a sudden loud whistle echoed in the harbor signaling the ships docking. They began walking together toward the board plank.

"Call me Bill, if I am your friend…" The old man smiled, again showing his wrinkles and age. Very well… Bill…"

"Will I see you later," Mermark asked as he took a step on the boarding plank and picked up his large sack from where he left it, beside him.

"I do not think so…I do not plan to stay long…"

"…Oh well,…Nice talking to you, I'm really sorry about exploding like—"

"Please, forget it…" the old man interrupted. "Tell me something…"

"What?"

"What would happen to the world if Hitler was still alive and again wanted revenge for what history has done to his name, and for losing the second var, of course…?"

"How do you mean?" Mermark asked, puzzled.

"Well…If Hitler got his revenge by using an atomic bomb on a very populated city of his enemies?"

"Like New York?" Mermark asked. "Yah…like New York…"

"Well, it'll probably be the end of the world."

"…How would it be ze end of da world?" the old man questioned.

"Say, if New York got hit, the United States would probably blame it on the Russians, and since revenge is so sweet—Moscow would go next …then probably other nations would get involved, and puff; Doomsday…"

"How will it be doomsday—what will happen to the world…?"

"Well, if the world was bombed with one hundred Nuclear bombs or that new Photon II bomb, the radioactive fallout would literally kill every living thing on Earth; but many people believe that World War Three could never happen because they think humans are civilized…"

"Many a time I question mankind's matter of being, civilized or not…" the old man said, thinking as he watched the floor with each step he took. "Some people feel very much hate for one man—anger is a very deadly weapon…"

"Hey…listen, I'm sorry about—"

The old man raised his hand and stopped him. "Do not worry,…all that you said did not make much sense, the past is the past."

They laughed, as Mermark began walking down to the pier. He moved slowly, following the ship's side inland to shore. His sack slipped off his round shoulders, and as he swung it up onto his shoulder again, he noticed the old man walking in the same direction, but not making any effort to leave the ship.

"Wonder why he isn't getting off?)"

Mermark opened his mouth to call the old man, when he suddenly realized he never caught his name.

"Hey!" he shouted. The old man turned and looked over the rail.

"Yez?" the old man asked with a smile.

"Why aren't you coming ashore?"

"I…uh—I am getting my belongings in my cabin…"

"Oh," Mermark frowned. "By the way…I didn't catch your name…?"

"My…my name is, Adolph…" the old man replied with a wry grin, "A good German name, no?"

"You poor guy…" Mermark said, sadly, "Just like the warped lunatic we were discussing before." Then he grinned.

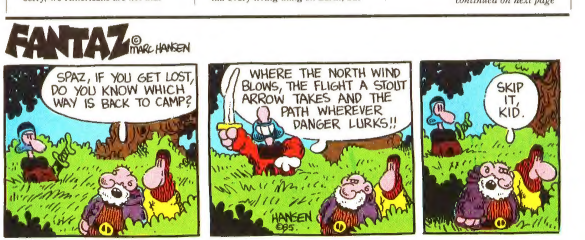
"Good-bye, Bill…"

"Yeah, bye…" Mermark said, as he waved his free hand and began to walk, again.

He stepped on ground, and stopped. He suddenly felt good to be back home, and smiled.

"Excuse me, sir?" A deep voice

continued on next page


FANTAZ©MARC HANSEN
SPAZ, IF YOU GET LOST, DO YOU KNOW WHICH WAY IS BACK TO CAMP?
WHERE THE NORTH WIND BLOWS, THE FLIGHT A STOUT ARROW TAKES AND THE PATH WHEREVER DANGER LURKS!!
HANSEN 89
SKIP IT, KID.

called from behind. He turned.

"Yeah?" Mermark asked as two tall men dressed in Military Police uniforms walked up to him.

"Did you just get off this ship here?" one of the men asked pointing.

"Yeah? So?"

"Don't worry, we only want to ask you a few questions."

"Sure, go ahead, but you could make it quick—I have this sudden urge for an all American hamburger."

"Okay, we'll make it as quick as possible... you see, this morning we got a report of atomic radiation from one of our jets which flew over this ship."

"So?" Mermark repeated.

"Well, at first we thought it might have been a malfunction or something—but then we got this call from some asshole who said that he was Adolph Hitler, and something else about revenge. Do you know anything about this—I mean the possibility of Hitler still being alive couldn't be true. He would be 100 years old?"

"One hundred and two, sir?" the other officer, offered.

"Yes, that's right, one hundred and two... well anyhow did you see any weirdos or suspicious looking characters?"

"Well, I did meet — " He suddenly felt a cold chill down the back of his spine as he recalled his recent conversation. The pieces finally fit, why he looked so familiar, why he almost cried at the death of his parents and why he was living for so long—a destiny—a destination—atomic radiation... REVENGE!"

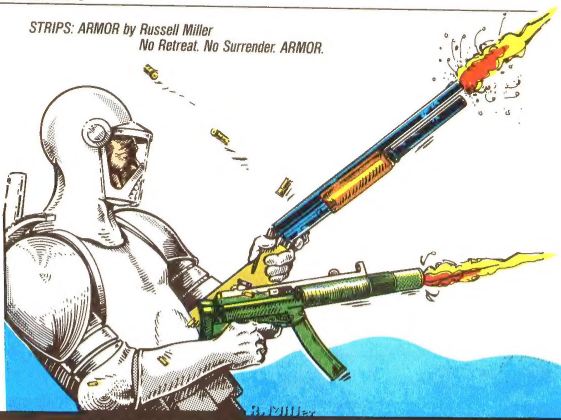
"Oh Noooo..." he mumbled as he looked at the ship wide-eyed. "He couldn't be..."

"What is it?" The MP asked, puzzled. Mermark stared frozen in shock. He was helpless. "God no... please, God have merc—

—
—
—
—*

NEXT:

STRIPS: ARMOR by Russell Miller
No Retreat. No Surrender. ARMOR.



FATBACK AND JONES by Dennis Stahl
Kansas City in the distant future

STORIES: WAR ON JUPITER by Vic Hunt
The continued story of the astronauts caught in a War on Jupiter

YOUR VIEWS: More ideas and letters by all of you!

AND MORE!...MORE COLOR PAGES!...COLOR COMICS!...

EXPOSE YOURSELF

FanGraphiX is always looking for competent contributions! So, send us your strips, illustrations, articles, stories with a self-addressed stamped envelope if you'd like your work returned! EXPOSE YOURSELF!

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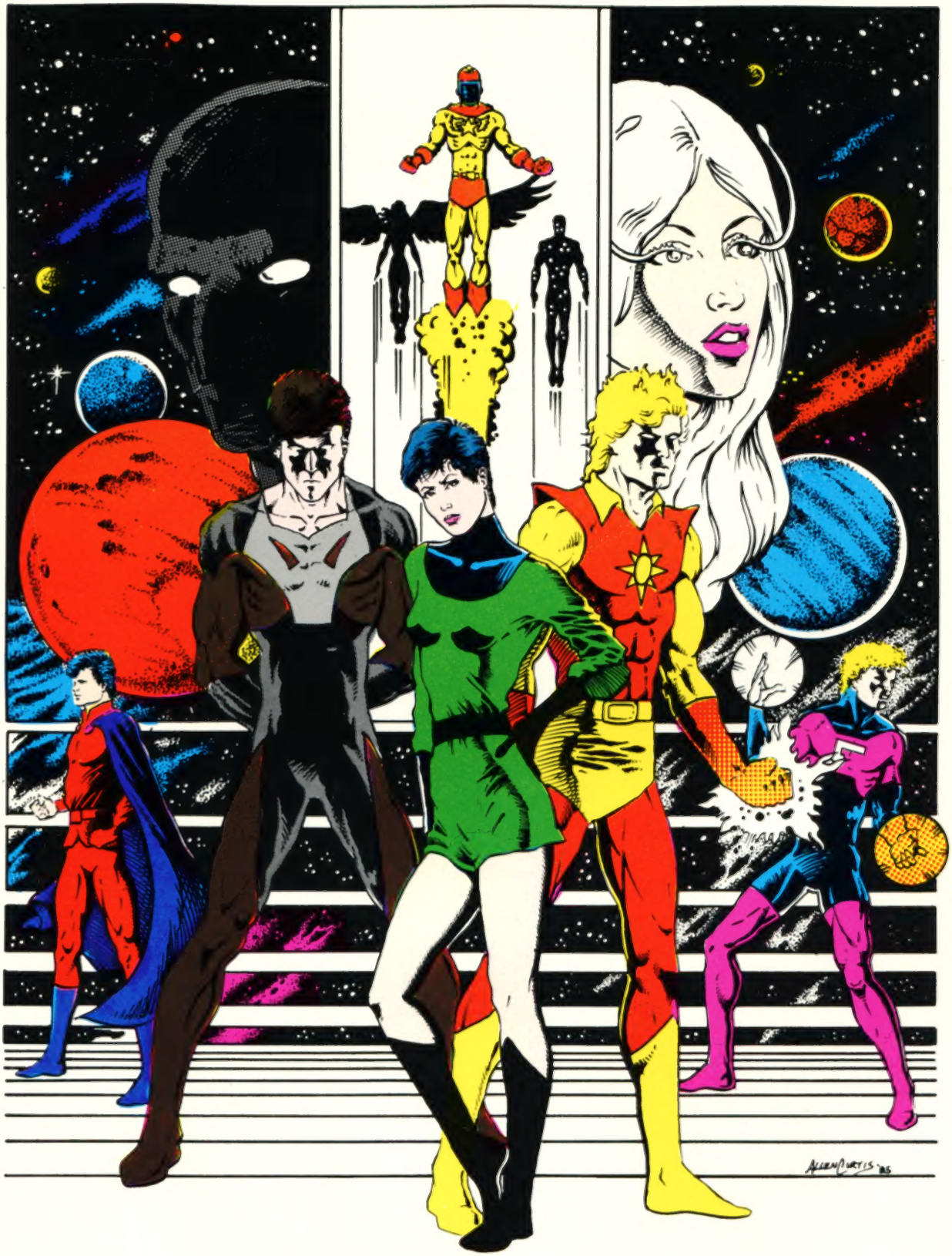
ALLEN CURTIS '85